

# Bombshell

Jarvis Cocker

Gene Harlow was one of the outstanding sex goddesses  
Of talking pictures, voluptuous and very relaxed  
Probably, in the early thirties, the rawest, sexiest person on the Am  
erican screen  
She marries this man Paul Bern, and

Now we're in the bathroom  
I would like to hold you  
It's hard to hold a bombshell  
When it's soaking wet

Eyebrows plucked to nothing  
Skin as pale as porcelain  
I can't believe you're here  
I can't believe you haven't started yet

I would like to hold you, I would like to touch  
But you're such a slippery proposition  
Wouldn't you be rather  
Working up a lather?  
Water's turning tepid  
And I should pull the plug

My stock is at a maximum  
My blonde it is a platinum  
I'm out of body lotion  
Mister, you are out of luck

Scalded on the left side, freezing on the right  
Nothing seems to work tonight  
Two minutes into the second reel  
Life was at it's best I feel  
I froze the frame, approach the screen  
Now you're too close  
And I can't focus  
No I, no I can't see you clear

The guys will say I've got it made  
Coming home tonight at the end of every day  
But I can feel you slipping away

Now the water's cold  
Lying here alone  
I guess I dropped the bombshell  
She got bored and left  
I never got to hold you, never got to touch  
She slipped through my fingers  
Thank you very much